HERE IT IS! THE PAPER WITH THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

7d

SMASH!

No. 22
2nd JULY, 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BAT VERSUS CAT

NEVER BUY A BEARSKIN COAT FROM A STRANGER---

---ESPECIALLY IF THE STRANGER IS A *BEAR!*

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WARDEN, SIR, THAT HUSSY *CAT WOMAN* HAS BUSTED OUT!

AND SHE WAS DOING SO WELL AT HER BASKET-WEAVING! I HAD HIGH HOPES THAT WE MIGHT REHABILITATE HER....

:SIGH!

HER, YOUR HONOUR? NOT LIKELY!

WHILST SHE WAS ESCAPING IN A HIGH-POWERED MOTOR TRUCK SHE WAS SCREAMING *"DEATH TO BATMAN AND ROBIN!"*

POSSIBLY AN EMPTY THREAT. STILL, I'D BEST ALERT POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON, JUST IN CASE!

WHAT'S THAT YER KNITTIN', C.W.? A SWEATER?

NO, MY DEAR TOMCAT. A *SHROUD*-- FOR THE CAPED CRUSADER. LATER I'LL KNIT A *SMALLER* ONE FOR THAT MISERABLE BOY WONDER! HISSSSSS!

PRRRRR

POLICE HEADQUARTERS, GOTHAM CITY....

BAD NEWS FROM THE STATE PEN, CHIEF! THAT FERAL FEMALE FELON, *CAT WOMAN* IS ON THE PROWL!

WHAT'S *WORSE*, SHE'S VOWED VENGEANCE ON BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WHAT'S TO WORRY COMMISSIONER? *THEY* CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES IF *ANYBODY* CAN!

REMEMBER, CHIEF--- BENEATH THOSE BRAVE COSTUMES THEY ARE FLESH AND BLOOD LIKE THE REST OF US! WE MUST WARN THEM!

AND THAT MEANS---

RIGHT! THE *BATPHONE!*

MORE OVER THE PAGE, BATFANS!

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IN STATELY WAYNE MANOR, THE WEALTHY SOCIALITE MILLIONAIRE, BRUCE WAYNE, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, PLAY A FRIENDLY GAME OF DARTS...
DON'T APOLOGIZE, DICK. ANYBODY CAN MISS ONCE IN A WHILE.
BUT YOU COULD GET AN INFECTION!
HARDLY. YOU SEE, I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF DIPPING THE DART-POINTS IN PENICILLIN BEFORE WE STARTED.
HOLY HOSPITAL, BRUCE! YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING!
BEG PARDON, SIR. COMMISSIONER GORDON IS ON THE HOTLINE. SOMETHING ABOUT A CERTAIN "C.W." HAVING ESCAPED PRISON!
"C.W."! CAT WOMAN!
THANK YOU, ALFRED. TELL THE COMMISSIONER THAT "B" AND "R" ARE ON THEIR WAY!
A BOOKCASE SLIDES BACK AT THE TOUCH OF A HIDDEN SPRING, AND BRUCE AND DICK LEAP FOR THE SECRET BATROPES....
DOWN THEY HURTLE AT BREAK-NECK SPEED, TO EMERGE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FANTASTIC BATCAVE AS--- BATMAN AND ROBIN!
I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW THE MASTER AND THE YOUNG MASTER MANAGE THAT CHANGE OF ATTIRE EN ROUTE, BUT IT IS A BIT OF A BASH, DON'T YOU THINK?
BOB KANE
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc. ©National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966
THE ATOMIC-POWERED BATMOBILE ROARS FROM ITS HIDDEN TUNNEL!
VAROOM
HEY! I SAW A CRAZY HOTROD COME RIGHT OUTA THAT HILLSIDE!
UH ?! YOU'RE NUTS!
AND MILES LATER, ON THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY....
LOOK, HEATHCLIFFE! ISN'T THAT BATMAN AND ROBIN?
INDEED! YOUR FABULOUS JEWELS ARE SAFE TONIGHT, MY DEAR, WITH THEM ABROAD!
IN A LUX-URIOUS BUT CRUMMY HIDEOUT ON THE GOTHAM CITY WATER-FRONT...
HOW D'YA LIKE TH' LUXURIOUS HIDEOUT WE FIXED UP FOR YOU, CAT WOMAN?
IT'S CRUMMY. YAWN--
HEY, C.W.!
FRAIDY JUST PHONED IN. BATMAN AN' ROBIN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
GOOD! THAT MEANS THEY'LL SOON BE LOOKING FOR ME! THEN WE'LL SEE WHO HAS THE SHARPER CLAWS... A BAT--- OR A CAT!
PURRRRRR
IF THIS GIRL GETS HER CLAWS INTO BATMAN THE RESULT COULD BE FATAL! SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT WEEK!

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Percy's Pets

I HATE ARITHMETIC! I'M USELESS AT IT!

BAH! I WISH PERCY WOULDN'T CLUTTER THE TABLE UP WITH HIS PENCIL SHAVINGS!

ARITHMETIC

SWEEP!

I WISH I WAS BRIGHT-LIKE THEM!

GLOW!

GLOW WORMS

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL *NEVER* LEARN IT! I MAY AS WELL GO TO BED!

SNAP!

EEK!

ETIC

COOO! INTERESTING! THIS IS GOOD STUFF!

I'LL BE BOTTOM OF THE CLASS AS USUAL! I'M NEVER ANYWHERE ELSE!

SCHOOL

PERCY! COME OUT TO THE BOARD!

OH, GOLLY! HERE WE GO! NOW I'M FOR IT! I WON'T GET ONE SUM RIGHT!

RIGHT, PERCY! DO THAT SUM!

(4x9)+(4x11)÷5=

OH, HECK! IT'S A CORKER TOO!

IT'S NO USE! I'LL *NEVER* DO IT!

11)÷5=

COME ON, LADS! PERCY NEEDS SOME HELP!

COO! WHERE DID MY PALS THE GLOW-WORMS COME FROM? THEY MUST HAVE STOWED AWAY IN MY POCKET!

÷5=

COO! THEY'VE DONE THE SUM FOR ME! 16 MUST BE THE ANSWER!

=16

(4x9)+(4x11)+5=16

GOSH! 16, THE CORRECT ANSWER, PERCY! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SWOTTING HARD!

AW! IT WAS NOTHING!

(6x4)+(8x8) ÷4=22

ANOTHER ONE RIGHT!!

(20÷5)+(17-8) x2=26

YOU REALLY ARE ON TOP FORM TODAY, PERCY. GO TO THE TOP OF THE CLASS!

GOSH! TOP OF THE CLASS!

OH, BOY! THE FIRST TIME I HAVE EVER BEEN TOP OF THE CLASS! *THANKS TO MY BRIGHT PALS!*

MUMBLE! MUMBLE!

WE'RE ALWAYS RIGHT!

THE RUBBERMAN!

COMING RIGHT UP! THE LAST THRILLING ROUND OF COMICDOM'S **MIGHTIEST** BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! READ ON... AS WONDER-HERO **RUBBERMAN** LEAPS IN PURSUIT OF JONAS SLEECH, THE EVIL MIDGET WITH THE POWER OF A **GIANT**!

SOMEONE HAD BETTER **PINCH** ME! I **MUST** BE **DREAMING!**

IF I DON'T FIND JONAS SLEECH NOW, HE'LL GO INTO **HIDING!** IT HAS TO BE **NOW**—OR MAYBE **NEVER!**

THEN HE SEES THE TINY FIGURE DARTING THROUGH THE SHADOWS...

THERE HE IS! HE'S MAKING FOR THAT POWERHOUSE!

IRON WINDOW BARS SNAP LIKE CANDY STICKS UNDER SLEECH'S HANDS...

DANGER!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT THIS OUT, **HIM AND ME!** AND IN HERE'S AS GOOD A PLACE AS **ANYWHERE!**

NO SIGN OF HIM! BUT HE'S WAITING IN HERE— **SOMEWHERE!**

SUDDENLY, THERE IS THE SOUND OF RIPPING STEEL...

SO YOU COULDN'T WAIT TO PLAY ANOTHER GAME OF **CATCH,** RUBBERMAN!

AS A MASSIVE PIECE OF MACHINERY SLITHERS TOWARDS HIM...

YOU CAN'T DODGE **THIS** TIME, RUBBERMAN!

NO TIME TO **JUMP** CLEAR, EITHER! BUT I **CAN** MAKE MYSELF AS **THIN** AS POSSIBLE— **AND HOPE FOR THE BEST!**

A SECOND LATER...

ANOTHER INCH AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO A DISTINCTIVELY UNUSUAL STRIP OF **WALLPAPER!**

THE TINY SUPER-STRONG MAN PEERS VAINLY...

THAT **MUST** HAVE FINISHED HIM OFF!

BECAUSE OF HIS SIZE, HE CAN'T SEE HIGH ENOUGH TO SPOT ME!

I'LL GET OUT THROUGH THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PLACE— JUST IN CASE THE ARMY IS FOLLOWING ME!

I CAN'T REACH HIM! AND ONCE HE'S AMONG THAT MACHINERY I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO **SEE HIM!**

THEN RUBBERMAN'S RIGHT ARM STRETCHES — AND S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S...

I **SEE** WHAT I **CAN** DO! I DON'T **LIKE** IT— **BUT THE EVIL THAT IS JONAS SLEECH** MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO ESCAPE!

I CAN'T SHIFT FROM BEHIND THIS THING. SO THERE IS NOTHING ELSE I **CAN** DO!

START

AS SOON AS THE SWITCH IS PULLED DOWN, GIANT COGS AND PISTONS ROAR INTO ACTION, SLEECH IS KNOCKED OFF-BALANCE...

THE MACHINERY'S STARTED! AND I'M— **UUUUHHH!**

AS HE SPRAWLS, **DEATH** HAMMERS DOWN...

AAAAHH!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S IT! KEEP THAT ARMOURED CAR BACKING AWAY! JUST A BIT MORE!

NOW I KNOW WHO THIS GUY IS. HE WAS ON TELEVISION — AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HE'S MADE OF **RUBBER!**

NOW LOOK AT HIM! BACK TO NORMAL! YOU'D **THINK** HE WAS AN ORDINARY **HUMAN BEING** LIKE YOU AND ME NOW, WOULDN'T YOU?

AS RUBBERMAN WALKS AWAY...

THERE'S RUBBERMAN!

GIVE US A STATEMENT, RUBBERMAN. THE WHOLE WORLD WANTS TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT **YOU!**

DON'T DISAPPOINT OUR READERS. TELL THEM WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE MADE OF **RUBBER!**

I COULD TELL THEM WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE LOOKED UPON AS A **FREAK!** FOR **THAT,** IN THE EYES OF THE WORLD, IS WHAT I **AM!**

HE DIDN'T TELL US MUCH, DID HE? EXCEPT THAT HE'S GOING TO **INDIA!** WHY INDIA, I WONDER?

IF ONLY I CAN FIND THAT FAKIR WHO PUT THIS CURSE ON ME — PERHAPS THEN I CAN BECOME A **NORMAL HUMAN BEING** AGAIN. YES, I **MUST** FIND HIM — EVEN IF I HAVE TO SEARCH ALL OVER INDIA TO DO IT!

THE DANGER RUBBERMAN HAS FACED SO FAR IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN **NEXT WEEK!**

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

COO! IT'S OLD HENRY THE EIGHTH ON THE TELLY— THE BLOKE WHO HAD ALL THE WIVES!

TELLY-HO! THAT BE A HANDSOME WENCH YONDER!

SHRIEK! HELP!

HELP! HE'S KIDNAPPED MUM! COME BACK, YOU OLD RASCAL!

HEH! HEH! NOW I'VE GOT WIFE NUMBER SEVEN!

GRR! I'LL FIX THAT ROYAL FATTY!

YOYEE! TREACHERY!

SLIP-P-P-!!

NOW THEN— WHAT'S THIS? KIDNAPPING IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, ME LAD!

AND ONE MAKES EIGHT! HEE! HEE!

HELP! HELP!

OH, NO! THE OAF'S PINCHED P.C. PAULA, TOO!

I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

STOP, THIEF! STOP, THIEF!

ZOOM!

LEAVE HIM TO ME! I'LL STOP HIM! I NEVER MISS WITH AN APPLE PIE!

KA-SPLAT!

SLURP! SLURP! M'MM, THIS IS DELICIOUS! SCRUMPTIOUS!

I COULD JUST DO WITH A WIFE WHO MAKES APPLE PIE LIKE THAT! I'VE GOT *NINE* WIVES NOW! HO! HO!

HELP! HELP!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...

CINEMA

HEH! HEH! THAT'S AN UNLUCKY *THIRTEEN* WIVES I'VE GOT NOW!

OH, GOLLY! IF I DON'T STOP HIM, HE'LL HAVE EVERY MUM IN THIS TOWN ON THAT BARROW!

D-DAD! A GEEZER'S PINCHED MUM! GASP!

WHAT?!? PINCHED MUM? BEFORE SHE'S MADE MY TEA?!

GRRR! WHERE IS HE?

GOT THE BLIGHTER!

BLAM!

YOIKS!

HELP! HELP! CALL HIM OFF!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

GANGWAY!

GRRR!

POOR OLD HENRY! HE SHOULDN'T HAVE PINCHED MUM BEFORE SHE HAD MADE DAD'S TEA! DON'T THINK **HE'LL** COME OUT AGAIN!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Why is your mid-day meal like the letter S?

Because it comes before T.

Ask your mates to write down the small letter i, with a dot on top. I'll bet they all write it wrong, like this, i.! Of course, it should really be i. See the dot on top?

This could be a real SMASH trick in more ways than one, so watch it—especially when your pals have their try. The reason is that you place two tumblers on the back of someone's hands, asking them to put the tumblers the right way up on a table WITHOUT DROPPING THEM.

When all your pals have failed, show 'em how. It's very simple—you just LIFT them off your hands as we show you here and put them down on the table in the normal way.

Magic Pencil

All you need is a new, shiny pencil. Now put it flat against the wall and, pressing firmly, quickly draw it down the wall for about six inches. Remove your hand slowly and you'll find that the pencil will stick to the wall. The reason for this is that the quick rubbing melts the varnish on the pencil which then holds it in place.

10/- for Knowalls

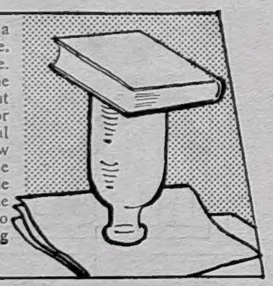
Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win 10/-. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

To: Mr Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

First clown: "Your legs are too long."
Second clown: "If they were any shorter they wouldn't reach the ground."

Stand a milk bottle upside-down on a newspaper, near the edge of a table. Then place a book on top of the bottle. Now ask your friends if they can get the paper from under the bottle without touching or upsetting either the book or the bottle. After they've made several unsuccessful attempts show them how it's done. All you have to do is pull the paper while *gently* banging the table with your fist. The blows will cause the bottle to lift slightly, enabling you to pull the paper away without upsetting the bottle.



Unbreakable Match

Here's a trick that will baffle everyone! You show a handkerchief to your friends, then wrap it round a match and break the match inside the handkerchief. Now hold open the handkerchief and the match falls out—IN ONE PIECE!

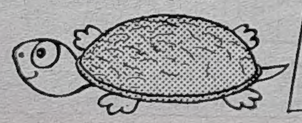
If you want to know how it's done, read on . . . Most handkerchiefs have a stitched hem. Break this open and slip a match inside. THIS IS THE MATCH YOU BREAK—the one that your friends SEE remains unbroken!

If a person born in Poland is called a Pole why isn't a person born in Holland called a Hole?

Nutty Tortoise

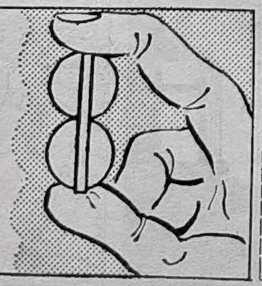
Put half an empty walnut shell, dome-upwards on a piece of thin card. Cut round the oval to fit the shell, but leave six pieces sticking out for the legs, tail and head. Now just glue the card to the shell and then bend the legs down. All you have to do then is paint a face and colour the legs and tail.

Want to see it move? Then just insert a marble inside the shell.



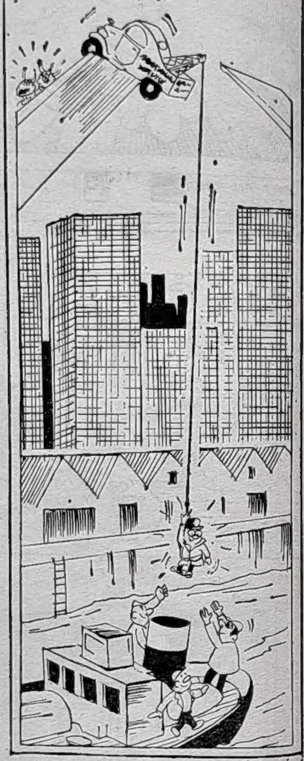
Tanner Teaser

Ask anyone if they can hold two sixpences on top of each other using their index finger and thumb. You'll find that they won't be able to do it. But you can. The trick is to first take a matchstick and cut it so that it fits exactly the width of the two sixpences. Then, place it behind the coins as the picture shows you, with the match facing you. You'll find it's very easy after a little practice.



DID YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

WITH desperate acceleration the Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. causes the front wheels of the truck to go over the rising end of the bridge to prevent him from 'rolling' back to his devilish pursuers. Then he leaps onto the hook of the crane and releases the winch . . . to sweep down 'onto a passing tug that carries him to safety.



THAT'S THE ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S POSER. YOU'VE GOT SEVEN DAYS TO SHARPEN UP YOUR WITS FOR THE NEXT B.U.N.G.L.E. PROBLEM — SO...

MAKE SURE OF SMASH!
Fill in this coupon—and take it to your newsagent.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

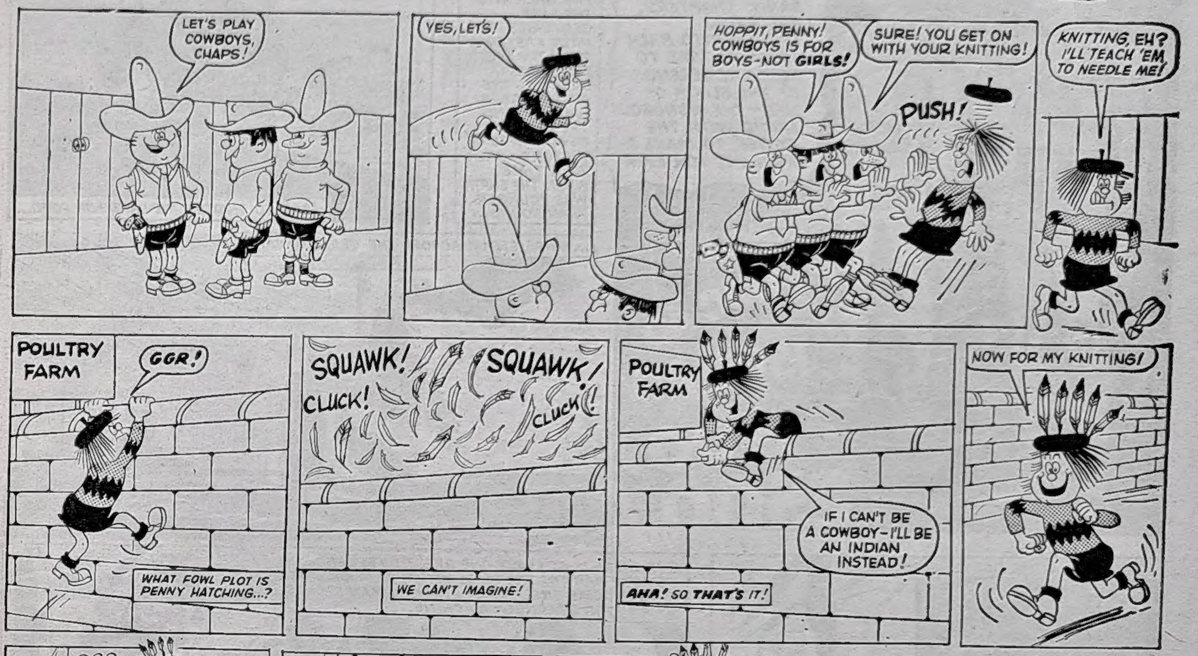
.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

*Delete as necessary

BAD PENNY


LET'S PLAY COWBOYS, CHAPS!
YES, LET'S!
HOPPIT, PENNY! COWBOYS IS FOR BOYS-NOT GIRLS!
SURE! YOU GET ON WITH YOUR KNITTING!
PUSH!
KNITTING EH? I'LL TEACH 'EM TO NEEDLE ME!
POULTRY FARM
GGR!
WHAT FOWL PLOT IS PENNY HATCHING...?
SQUAWK! CLUCK!
SQUAWK! CLUCK!
WE CAN'T IMAGINE!
POULTRY FARM
IF I CAN'T BE A COWBOY-I'LL BE AN INDIAN INSTEAD!
AHA! SO THAT'S IT!
NOW FOR MY KNITTING!
WATCH, READERS— MY KNITTING WILL HAVE YOU IN STITCHES— SNIGGER!
AH! PALEFACES! ME GETTUM!
OH! NO!
HEH! HEH! WHO WANTS TO BE A ROTTEN PALEFACE, COWBOY!
TWANG!
HELP! WE'RE BEING AMBUSHED!
OUCH!
LET'S MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!
HO! HO! HEE-HEE! ME GOTTUM PALEFACES ON THE RUN!
CREAK!
HEY! LOOK OUT, PENNY!
AAAGH!
CRACK!
SPLASH!
TEE-HEE! WHO'S A PAIL-FACE NOW?
SPLUT!
WE WERE BRINGING UP THAT WATER TO CHUCK OVER HER— BUT SHE SAVED US THE TROUBLE!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS, ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS, ARE BEING TRANSPORTED BACK THROUGH TIME TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE ELIXIR OF LIFE — THE WONDROUS LIQUID WITH THE POWER TO MAKE A MAN LIVE FOR EVER.

NEVER BEFORE HAVE ROLLO AND DANNY TRAVELLED SO FAR BACK INTO THE PAST. CENTURIES TICK PAST FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, CARRYING THE ADVENTURERS BACK BEYOND THE VERY BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY — BACK TO A TIME WHEN THE EARTH WAS YOUNGER THAN YOUNG...

1000 AD
1100 AD
1500 AD
1900 A
2500 A

BUT, INCREDIBLE THOUGH IT SEEMS, THAT WORLD — SO FAR BACK IN THE PAST — IS STRANGELY LIKE THE WORLD WE KNOW!

MAN CULTIVATES THE LAND FOR FOOD...

...SHIPS STEAM ACROSS THE GREAT OCEANS...

...AND BUSY CITIES DOT THE GLOBE.

IT IS A WORLD THAT COULD WELL BE THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

BUT THERE IS AT LEAST ONE GREAT DIFFERENCE. IN A REMOTE PART OF THE LAND WHICH, SO MUCH LATER, IS TO BECOME ENGLAND, A STRANGE MAN STANDS BY AN EVEN STRANGER MACHINE...

THE MACHINE IS READY, O ETERNO!

GOOD!

I HAVE DWELT UPON THIS WORLD FOR LONG ENOUGH. NOW I SHALL DRAIN IT OF ALL ITS LATENT POWER. EVERY LAST PARTICLE OF ITS ENERGY, SAVE FOR THIS SMALL AREA PROTECTED BY MY FIELD FORCE, SHALL BE TRANSMUTED INTO THE SECRET LIQUID THAT NONE BUT I SHALL EVER TASTE!

START THE MACHINE!

WATCHING THE WEIRD SCENE ARE ROLLO AND DANNY — WHOSE HEADLONG JOURNEY BACK THROUGH TIME HAS ENDED CLOSE BY ETERNO'S FANTASTIC APPARATUS.

WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DON'T KNOW — BUT WHATEVER IT IS, I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO BE PLEASANT!

THE ROAR OF ETERNO'S MACHINE GROWS LOUDER... AND HAVOC AND CHAOS SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE...

FIRST THE RIVERS AND OCEANS SHRINK AND DRY UP...

...RICH PASTURE-LANDS GROW DRY AND BARREN...

...ENTIRE CITIES DECAY...

...AND EVERY LIVING THING SHRIVELS INTO LIFELESS DUST.

AAAAAAAHHHH!

AND ALL THIS COLOSSAL AMOUNT OF PURE ENERGY, SUCKED FROM THE HELPLESS PLANET, IS DISTILLED BY ETERNO'S DIABOLICAL MACHINE INTO A TINY TRICKLE OF FLUID THAT DRIPS INTO A CRYSTAL FLASK...

THAT FLASK! COULD IT BE THE ONE WE CAME BACK THROUGH TIME TO CHECK?

THE FLASK THAT WAS REPUTED TO CONTAIN THE ELIXIR OF LIFE? I WONDER!

ETERNO MOISTENS HIS LIPS WITH THE SPARKLING LIQUID...

ONLY I, ETERNO, KNOW THE SECRET OF TURNING PURE ENERGY INTO THE FLUID THAT ENABLES ME TO LIVE FOREVER. AND NOW THAT I HAVE TAKEN WHAT I WANT FROM THIS WORLD I SHALL LEAVE ITS DEAD HULK!

DISMANTLE THE MACHINE — AND LOAD IT INTO THE SHIP!

THOSE SERVANTS OF HIS. THEY'RE NOT MEN — THEY'RE SOME SORT OF ROBOTS!

WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE ROBOTS DISMANTLE THE HUGE MACHINE...

NOW, ALL OF YOU — INTO THE SHIP. ONCE AGAIN I SHALL SOAR THROUGH THE GALAXIES AND CHOOSE ANOTHER STAR OR PLANET TO FEED UPON!

BEFORE THE WATCHING EYES OF DANNY AND ROLLO, THE STRANGE CRAFT RISES SILENTLY INTO THE AIR...

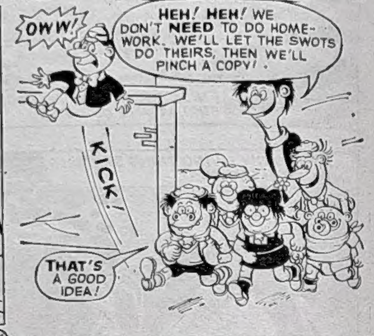
...THEN VANISHES!

ETERNO'S SHIP! IT — IT'S GONE! WE'RE ALONE!

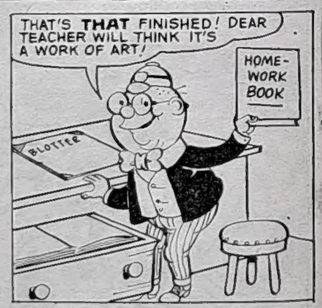
WE'RE ALONE, ALL RIGHT! THE ONLY LIVING THINGS UPON A DEAD WORLD!

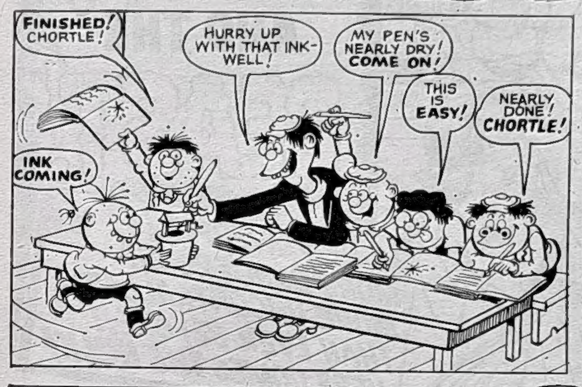
CAN YOU IMAGINE THIS WORLD OF OURS COMPLETELY BARREN, DEAD, DESTROYED AND DECAYED? ROLLO AND DANNY DON'T HAVE TO IMAGINE IT — THEY ARE THERE! WE'RE ACHING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE FANTASTIC THINGS IN STORE FOR THEM, BUT WE DON'T WANT TO SPOIL IT FOR YOU WHEN YOU GET NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! LUCKY YOU! YOU'RE IN FOR THRILLS!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS



CHORTLE!
YOU IDIOT! THAT'S NOT HIS HOMEWORK—IT'S HIS DAD'S FOOTBALL POOLS! THE LITTLE SWOT MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING ON A NEW PERM FOR HIS OLD MAN!
KICK-K!
GET SMASH!





NEXT MORNING...
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOU BLOTS? YOU HAVEN'T DONE YOUR HOMEWORK!
NOT DONE? OF COURSE WE DID— AND IT'S ALL CORRECT, TOO!
BLOTS' HOMEWORK BOOK
WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

THE INCREDIBLE HULK IN "Beauty AND THE BEAST!"

MORE POWERFUL! MORE DANGEROUS! MORE UNCONTROLLABLE THAN EVER BEFORE!! HERE COMES THE HULK!

OUR TALE BEGINS WITH THE SHOWING OF TOP-SECRET ARMY FILMS IN THE HOME OF GENERAL "THUNDERBOLT" ROSS, CHIEF OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE DEFENCE COMMAND!

THERE HE IS--THE DEMONIACAL HULK! THREE BRAVE MEN RISKED THEIR LIVES TO GET THESE PICTURES!

"THIS SHOWS OUR FAILURE TO TRAP THE BRUTAL MONSTER BY MEANS OF A GIANT, SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED NEURON-MAGNET, DESIGNED TO ATTRACT AND HOLD LIVING BEINGS! THE HULK'S SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH ENABLED HIM TO SMASH THE MAGNET JUST WHEN WE THOUGHT WE HAD HIM!"

"AS FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE HULK'S UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH, A FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHER TOOK THIS FILM WITH A TELEPHOTO LENS FROM A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY!"

"AND THIS IS THE MOST INCREDIBLE OF ALL! THE ONLY FILM IN EXISTENCE WHICH SHOWS, IN VIVID DETAIL..."

"...THE HULK'S ABILITY TO SURVIVE ANY EXPLOSION SHORT OF AN ACTUAL ATOMIC DEVICE!"

THAT'S WHAT I'M UP AGAINST! IT'S MY JOB TO CATCH THAT RAMPAGING MONSTER! NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL HE IS, THIS GOVERNMENT WANTS HIM STOPPED!

BUT I CAN'T DO IT BY MILITARY MEANS ALONE, BANNER! I NEED SCIENTIFIC HELP--AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN! AS TOP SCIENTIST ON MY STAFF, YOU'VE GOT TO THINK OF A WAY TO CONQUER THAT MAN-BEAST!

CAN'T MAKE ANY PROMISES, SIR, BUT RICK AND I WILL DO OUR BEST TO THINK OF SOMETHING!

RICK! BAH! I CAN'T SEE WHY YOU INSIST ON HAVING THAT INSOLENT TEEN-AGER AS YOUR ASSISTANT!

OH, DAD, DON'T BE SO GRUMPY! YOU KNOW THE DEFENCE DEPARTMENT HAS GIVEN BRUCE THE RIGHT TO SELECT ANY AIDES HE CHOOSES!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT BRUCE BANNER, BETTY DEAR... BUT SOMEHOW, I STILL DON'T ENTIRELY TRUST THAT MAN! HE'S TOO CLOSE-MOUTHED, TOO SECRETIVE!

BUT HE HAS TO BE, DAD! HE WORKS ON TOP-SECRET WEAPONS-PLANNING... AND HE'S ANSWERABLE ONLY TO THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF!

I'M A SOLDIER, AND I OBEY ORDERS! BUT THAT MAN RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY!

AS FOR ME, MUST I ALWAYS KEEP MY SECRET LOCKED WITHIN ME--AFRAID TO ADMIT TO DAD THAT I'M IN LOVE WITH BRUCE?! AND AFRAID TO FACE THE FACT THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MANY MILES BENEATH THE SURFACE OF OUR EARTH, A STRANGE, BROODING MAN WATCHES BETTY ROSS IN A SECRET VIEWING DEVICE... A MAN KNOWN ONLY AS--TYRANNUS!

SHE LOVES BRUCE BANNER! LITTLE DOES SHE DREAM THAT HER VERY LOVE WILL BE THE WEAPON WITH WHICH I SHALL CONQUER THE SURFACE OF EARTH!

HAIL, TYRANNUS! WHAT IS YOUR COMMAND, OH MIGHTY MASTER?

THE TIME HAS COME! AFTER CENTURIES OF WAITING, OF PLANNING, OF BEING A PRISONER HERE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH--THE TIME HAS COME FOR TYRANNUS TO STRIKE!

FIRST, I MUST AGAIN SIP THE WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH!

THE ETERNAL LIQUID FOR WHICH PONCE DE LEON VAINLY SEARCHED, NEVER DREAMING IT WAS HIDDEN MANY LEAGUES BENEATH HIS FEET!

THOUGH I WAS BANISHED TO THE CENTRE OF EARTH CENTURIES AGO BY THE ACCURSED MERLIN THE MAGICIAN, THIS MAGIC ELIXIR HAS KEPT ME ALIVE AND YOUNG ALL THESE YEARS--WHILE I PLANNED MY REVENGE UPON MANKIND!

TYRANNUS DRINKS THE POTION! GREAT IS TYRANNUS! BOW DOWN TO THE ALL-POWERFUL TYRANNUS!

LITTLE DID MERLIN SUSPECT THAT I WOULD FIND A RACE OF CREATURES HERE--OBEDIENT SLAVES WHO WOULD DO MY BIDDING!

WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE, AND YOUR DESIRE TO SERVE ME, YOU HAVE CREATED THE MIGHTIEST WEAPONS EVER DREAMED OF! AND NOW--THE TIME HAS COME!

I HAVE BEEN FEARFUL OF ONLY ONE THING--THE ARMED ATOMIC MIGHT OF THE LAND CALLED AMERICA! BUT I SHALL USE BETTY ROSS TO PROTECT ME FROM THAT MIGHT!

MEANWHILE, NOT SUSPECTING WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR THEM, BRUCE BANNER AND RICK RETURN TO THE GENERAL'S HOME THE NEXT DAY...

MAN, WHAT A GASSER! IMAGINE OLD THUNDERBOLT ROSS ORDERING YOU TO CAPTURE YOURSELF!

HE STILL DOESN'T SUSPECT THAT I MYSELF AM THE HULK, RICK--AND I PRAY HE NEVER FINDS OUT!

IF ONLY MANKIND DIDN'T FEAR THE HULK! IF ONLY THEY WOULD TRUST HIM--SO THAT I COULD REVEAL MY SECRET!

TRUST THE HULK?! LISTEN, DADDY-O, I KNOW YOUR SECRET--AND I STILL TREMBLE WHEN I SEE HIM!

THEN, AFTER REACHING THE GENERAL'S HOME...

SORRY, BRUCE, DAD ISN'T IN YET! BUT MAY I INTRODUCE MR. TYRANNUS--HE IS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST! I'M GOING TO SHOW HIM THE CLIFF CAVES NEARBY!

OH?

S'MATTER, BRUCE? WHAT'S WRONG?

JUST A FEELING, KID! I DON'T LIKE HIS LOOKS!

IT'S WORKING! BRUCE LOOKS JEALOUS! I'M SO GLAD I MET MR. TYRANNUS! MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE BRUCE THINK OF ME AS A WOMAN!

MINUTES LATER...

IT DOESN'T SIT RIGHT WITH ME, RICK! WHY WOULD AN ARCHAEOLOGIST NEED A LOCAL GIRL TO SHOW HIM THE CAVES? THEIR TRACKS LEAD IN HERE...

'AW, THIS IS FOR THE BIRDS, PAL! WHO WANTS TO FOLLOW A COUPLE OF CAVE-LOVERS AROUND?

ANOTHER THING -- WHY DIDN'T TYRANNUS HAVE ANY ARCHEOLOGICAL **EQUIPMENT** WITH HIM? RICK--LOOK AT **THAT**?

HOW'D THEY GET PAST THIS GIANT BOULDER?

WE CAN'T **BUDGE** IT--AND YET THEIR TRACKS LEAD **PAST** IT! **HOW--??**

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT--WITH THE HELP OF SOMEONE WHO **CAN** BUDGE IT! **QUICK**--BACK TO THE LAB!

MEANWHILE...ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BOULDER...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- THIS MACHINE--- WHAT **IS** IT? WHERE DID IT COME FROM? WHERE ARE WE GOING? YOU-- YOU'RE NO STRANGER HERE!

STRANGER? **OF COURSE** I AM NO STRANGER! THIS IS MY KINGDOM--MY DOMAIN! YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE WONDERS YOU HAVE NEVER **DREAMED** OF BEFORE!

SEE HOW I CAN OBSERVE ANYONE ON THE SURFACE BY A FLICK OF A SWITCH! THERE IS YOUR FATHER--WORRYING ABOUT YOU--AS I KNEW HE **WOULD** BE!

AND, BY TURNING ANOTHER SWITCH, I CAN EVEN MAKE HIM SEE US! GENERAL, YOUR DAUGHTER IS MY PRISONER! IF YOU VALUE HER SAFETY, YOU WILL PROMISE NOT TO DEFY ME WHEN MY LEGIONS ATTACK YOUR SURFACE WORLD! I WILL CONTACT YOU AGAIN FOR YOUR ANSWER! THIS IS TYRANNUS --THE SUPREME ONE!

YOU--YOU MUST BE **MAD!**

SILENCE, WOMAN! I WAS A BRILLIANT MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE YOU WERE BORN!

MEANWHILE, AS TYRANNUS TAKES HIS BEWILDERED PRISONER DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, THE MOST POWERFUL CREATURE OF ALL LEAPS TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE CAVE...

HULK, LOOK! THE ROCK IS **GONE!**

SHUT UP, KID! I'VE GOT EYES!

THAT BUSHY-HAIRED GRINNIN' APE IS IN THERE SOMEWHERE WITH BETTY ROSS, AND I'M GONNA **FIND** 'EM! SO GET LOST, KID! I GOT THINGS TO DO!

NO HULK-- YOU GOTTA LET ME GO **WITH** YOU!

THERE HE **IS!**

HOLD ON, BUSTER! **YOU'RE** NOT GOING ANYWHERE!

THE MAN MONSTER! YOU ARE TOO LATE TO STOP ME **NOW!**

HULK--WHAT'S **HAPPENIN'?** WHERE ARE WE **GOIN'?**

WHAT DOES IT **LOOK** LIKE, DUMBHEAD? HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH--AND **WE'RE** GOIN' **TOO!**

NO SOONER DOES THE STRANGE MACHINE REACH ITS DESTINATION, THAN THE INCREDIBLE HULK TEARS IT APART AS THOUGH IT IS CARDBOARD!

WHERE IS HE?? LET ME **AT** HIM!

THE **HULK!**

I WAS **PREPARED** FOR SUCH AN EVENTUALITY! THIS **VOLCANIC GAS** WILL TAKE THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM!

HEY! WHAT **IS** THIS?? I-I CAN'T SEE-- CAN'T B-BREATHE--

HULK--IT'S **GAS!** THE **ONE** THING YOUR STRENGTH CAN'T HELP YOU TO FIGHT!

THE NEXT SOUND THE HULK HEARS, IS---

HULK! WAKE UP! YOU'VE **GOT** TO WAKE UP! WE'RE IN SOME KIND OF **CELL!**

I'M AWAKE--BUT-- WEAK--CAN HARDLY MOVE-- NEED REST-- MORE REST--

SO! THE DREADED HULK LIES HELPLESS AS A BABE! REST, YOU NEED? YOU SHALL GET NONE **HERE!** ON YOUR FEET-- **SLAVE!**

WITHIN MOMENTS THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS WILL WEAR OFF, BUT EVEN WITH YOUR STRENGTH RETURNED, YOU WILL **STILL** OBEY ME--FOR THE **GIRL** IS MY PRISONER! SO LONG AS I AM HER CAPTOR, **YOU** ARE MY **SLAVE!**

HULK--WHAT ARE THEY **DOING** TO YOU? YOU CAN'T **LET** 'EM! DON'T **DO** IT!

CLAM UP, JUNIOR! IF I TRY TO MAKE LIKE A HERO, IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR BETTY ROSS!

WHY DID THEY GIVE YOU THAT ASBESTOS SHIELD? AND THAT COSTUME? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WHO CARES?

HAH! NOW FOR SOME SPORT! NOW TO TEST THE METTLE OF THE HULK! LET US SEE WHAT HIS MUCH VAUNTED STRENGTH CAN DO AGAINST MY MIGHTIEST FIRE-BREATHING WARRIOR!

UGH!

SO **THIS** IS WHY THEY GAVE ME A FIRE-PROOF SHIELD, HUH?

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL FIND OUT WHAT THIS OTHER GIZMO IS, TOO?

ALL RIGHT, YA WALKIN' SCRAP-PILE, HERE'S SOMETHIN' RIGHT **BACK** AT YA!

BIG DEAL! IT'S SOME KINDA STUN GUN! I COULD DO JUST AS GOOD WITH ONE OF MY FISTS!

BUT SUDDENLY, THE MECHANICAL GLADIATOR MAKES AN UNEXPECTED MOVE...

YEEOOOFFFF...

YA GOT ALL **KINDS** OF TRICKY LITTLE GADGETS, HUH? WELL, JUST WAIT TILL-- **OOOF!**

WHAM!

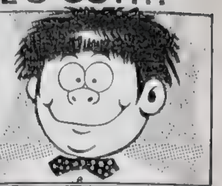
YUH GOTTA RUN OUT OF STEAM SOONER OR LATER, AND WHEN YA DO--

HAH! NOW I GOT THAT STEEL CONTROL CABLE OF YOURS! DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO YANK IT OUT, DID YA?

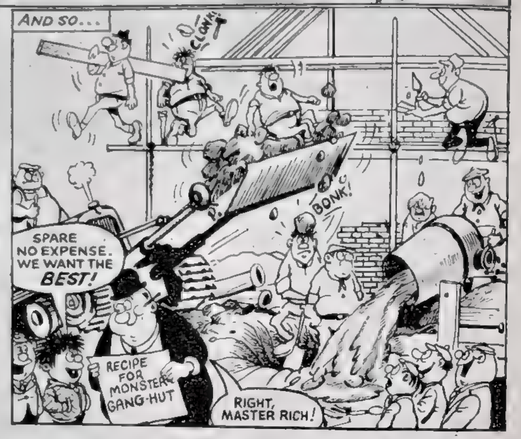
ALL RIGHT, TIN-MAN-- NOW IT'S **MY** TURN!

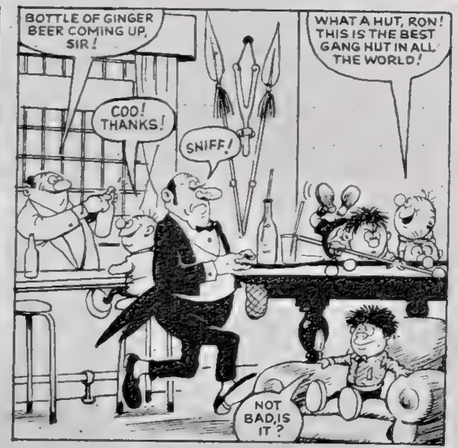
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH



COR! IF I BUILD A FANTASTIC NEW GANG HUT, I'LL GET RID OF ALL MY MONEY! *THEN* I'LL BE BROKE AND BE ABLE TO INHERIT THE MILLION POUNDS FROM GRANNIE'S WILL!

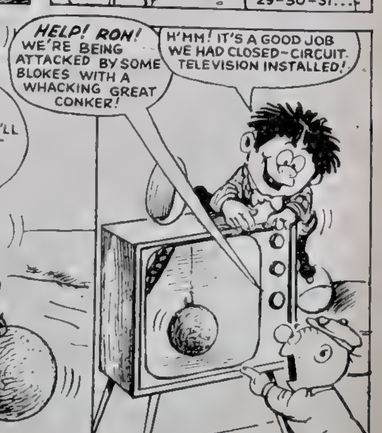


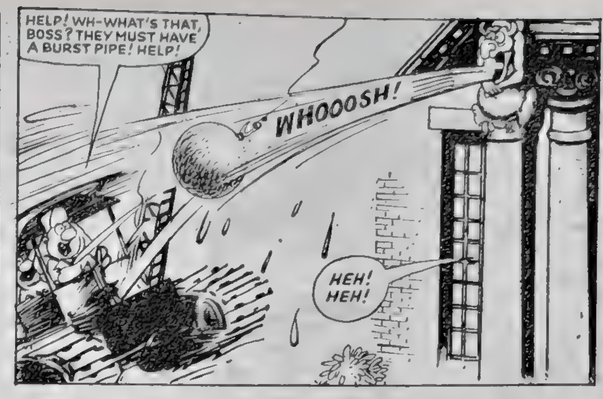


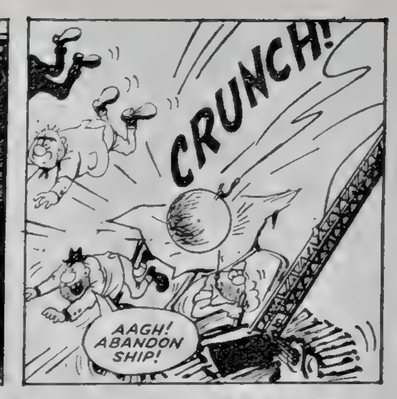
BUT OUTSIDE...
ONE HUNDRED PACES DUE EAST, BUTCH! WE SHOULD COME OUT WHERE WE BURIED THE HAUL FROM THAT BANK JOB!
MAP
-26-
27-28-
29-30-31...

EEK! BOSS! SOME GEEZER'S BUILT A WHACKING GREAT HOUSE ON THE SPOT WHERE WE BURIED THE MONEY!
THERE'S A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS LYING UNDER THERE! WE'VE *GOT* TO GET IT!

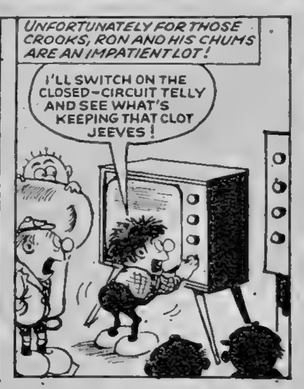
CHUG! CHUG!
WE'LL SOON HAVE THAT BUILDING DEMOLISHED! WE'LL USE THIS BALL— JUST LIKE THEY DO IN THOSE DEMOLITION JOBS!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, BOSS!
ON TOE


HELP! RON! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY SOME BLOKES WITH A WHACKING GREAT CONKER!
H'MM! IT'S A GOOD JOB WE HAD CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION INSTALLED!





ATTACK REPELLED, SIR! IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU REQUIRE?
I THINK WE SHOULD CELEBRATE, JEEVES! POP INTO THE KITCHEN AND RUSTLE UP SOME LEMONADE FOR THE LADS!
GOOD OLD RON!


UNFORTUNATELY FOR THOSE CROOKS, RON AND HIS CHUMS ARE AN IMPATIENT LOT!
I'LL SWITCH ON THE CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELLY AND SEE WHAT'S KEEPING THAT CLOT JEEVES!

AS THE HULK ADVANCES UPON HIS MECHANICAL FOE, ALL ELSE IS FORGOTTON SAVE THE BRUTAL LOVE OF BATTLE!

THE PART OF HIS PERSONALITY WHICH IS STILL BRUCE BANNER IS ALMOST GONE--AND FOR THAT BRIEF INSTANT OF RED-HOT RAGE, ONLY THE BESTIAL, UNHUMAN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION STANDS IN HIS PLACE!

THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF **YOU!**

BUT I AINT STOPPIN' **HERE--**

I **STILL** GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE-- WITH **TYRANNUS!**

STOP! STOP, YOU BRAINLESS GARGOYLE!

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THE GIRL! TAKE ANOTHER STEP, AND I **FIRE!**

NO--**NO!** DON'T HURT **HER!**

I DIDN'T **INTEND** TO! I JUST NEEDED TIME TO AIM MY **PARALYZER RAY** AT **YOU!**

TYRANNUS FORGOT ABOUT **ME!** GUESS I'M NOT IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR HIM TO WORRY ABOUT! I'VE GOT TO FIND **SOME** WAY TO FREE THE HULK, OR IT'LL BE CURTAINS FOR **ALL** OF US!

LIKE A STOLID, HELPLESS BEAST OF BURDEN, THE HULK IS PUT TO WORK AS A SLAVE WORKER FOR THE TRIUMPHANT TYRANNUS!

FASTER, YOU CLOD! **FASTER,** I SAY!

LIKE THE LEGENDARY LABOURS OF HERCULES, NO TASK IS TOO MENIAL, NO FEAT TOO IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE MIGHTY HULK!

MUST DAM THE FLOOD-- MUST DO IT--FOR **BETTY'S** SAKE!

YOU MUST NOT STOP YET! TYRANNUS COMMANDED THAT YOU DRIVE ALL THESE POSTS INTO THE GROUND WITH YOUR FISTS!

YOU HAVE ONLY DONE A THOUSAND OF THEM-- THERE ARE STILL FIVE HUNDRED MORE!

MUST NOT FAIL-- (GASP) MUST KEEP WORKING--CAN'T LET TYRANNUS BEAT ME--

AND WHAT OF THE MAN CALLED TYRANNUS?

I NO LONGER FIND THE HULK'S LABOURS AMUSING!

I GO NOW TO ORDER HIS **DOOM!**

NO SOONER DOES THE HEARTLESS TYRANNUS LEAVE THE CHAMBER THAN A STEEL-HELMETED FIGURE IMPERIOUSLY ENTERS...

PRAISE TYRANNUS! I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO BRING THE GIRL TO HIM!

OH NO-- **NO!**

THAT'S IT-- KEEP SCREAMING! MAKE IT LOOK GOOD! THIS IS A ONE-IN-A-MILLION GAMBLE, BUT IT **HAS** TO WORK!

WHAT--?? WHO **ARE** YOU? WHAT DO YOU **MEAN??**

OH! I SHOULD HAVE **GUESSED!** IT'S **YOU!**

WHO DID YOU EXPECT-- MICK JAGGER? KNOCK OFF THE DUMB REMARKS AND LET'S **MOVE!** TYRANNUS HAS ORDERED HIS GOONS TO GET RID OF THE HULK!

HULK--GET UP! **HEAR ME? GET UP!**

GO 'WAY--CAN'T DO ANYTHING--CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE OF HIM HARMING BETTY ROSS!

NO, HULK--**NO!** I'M **SAFE!** YOU MUST SAVE YOURSELF! HURRY!

THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU NOW! YOU MUST FIGHT BACK! IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE! IT'S -SOB- **OUR** ONLY CHANCE!

YOU'RE **SAFE!**

STAND ASIDE, FEMALE! WE ARE HERE FOR THE HULK!

NOW, HULK-- **NOW!**

SHE'S **SAFE!** I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HER!

THIS IS WHAT I BEEN **WAITIN'** FOR! GET OUT OF MY WAY--**ALL** OF YA!

HAH! DID YA SEE 'EM RUN LIKE WHIPPED CURS?? AND THAT'S ONLY THE **BEGINNING!**

MEBBE SO, BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THIS **YET!**

TYRANNUS WILL NEVER LET US ESCAPE!

TYRANNUS BETTER START WORRYIN' ABOUT **HIMSELF!** YOU TWO GET OVER THERE--FAST!

THE HULK IS **FREE!**

INCOMPETENT FOOLS! YOU'LL PAY WITH YOUR **LIVES** IF YOU DO NOT **CATCH** HIM! OBEY ME --OBEY YOUR **MASTER!**

YOU'RE THROUGH GIVIN' ORDERS, BIG MAN! THIS IS WHERE I LOWER THE BOOM!

YOU'RE **MAD!** WHAT ARE YOU **DOING??** STOP--IT'S IMPOSSIBLE --YOU--YOU **CAN'T** TOPPLE THOSE PILLARS!

I CAN'T, HUH?? JUST **WATCH** ME!

NO--**NO!** YOU'LL SEAL ME IN HERE--I'LL NEVER REACH THE SURFACE AGAIN! STOP--DON'T--I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING--**ANYTHING!**

TOO LATE, TYRANNUS! THIS IS YOUR **FINISH!**

BARRROOM

MINUTES LATER, THREE WEARY FIGURES REACH THE SUB-SURFACE ESCAPE CAPSULE WHICH RESTS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DEBACLE...

BETTY'S ALREADY SAFELY INSIDE, HULK! GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT EVEN **YOU** COULD PULL OFF A STUNT LIKE THAT!

AIN'T **NOTHIN'** I CAN'T DO, SQUIRT --AND DON'T EVER **FORGET** IT!

BETTY'S IN A STATE OF SHOCK, HULK! SHE DOESN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE! IT'S SOME KIND OF AMNESIA!

JUST MY LUCK! THAT MEANS SHE'LL **STILL** HATE **ME,** AND FEAR **ME,** WHEN WE REACH THE SURFACE! BUT WHO CARES! I DON'T NEED HER!

LET HER FEAR ME! LET 'EM **ALL** FEAR ME! MAYBE THEY GOT GOOD **REASON** TO! 'CAUSE THEY'RE ONLY HUMANS-- BUT **I'M--THE HULK!**

"THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T DO!" CLAIMS ***THE HULK*** -- BUT HE HASN'T YET MET THE *HORDES OF GENERAL FANG!*

BUT HE DOES-- *AND* ***WOW!***

THE TIME: *NEXT WEEK.*
THE PLACE: *THE NEXT ISSUE OF* ***SMASH!***

be a SMASHER—write to SMASH!

GUESS what! We met a fellow the other day who had never heard of the Batman! And, even harder to believe, he'd never heard of SMASH either! He looked quite bright, too.

Which just goes to prove that you can't always judge by appearances. One thing we judge by, though, are your letters to us, for they tell us which are the most popular features in SMASH! This week it's a struggle for top place between the INCREDIBLE HULK and the RUBBERMAN. But Bad Penny isn't far behind, and the Swots and the Blots and Rollo Stones have a big following, too.

* * *

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think the Rubberman is a super story. Sometimes when I'm in bed I think of all the things I'd do if I could stretch my body like the Rubberman can.

Guy White,
Glasgow.

Reckon you dream up some pretty good ideas too, Guy. Anytime we're short of an adventure for the Rubberman we'll come calling on you for a story line.

Dear Smash,

I like the "Hulk" very much but I think you're a copy cat. Am I right to say you got the HULK story from an American comic called "Marvel Comics"? If so could we have some others like Spiderman or Thor. They're fab.

B. Dimmock,
Staffs.

All right, we confess. The HULK does appear in the American Marvel Comic. But because we think he's so good we wanted our readers to meet him. And we felt sure that those readers who have already met the HULK in Marvel Comics would like the chance to read all his early adventures, which are now unobtainable. But the choice is yours. We'll drop the HULK if you want us to. Just write to us and tell us whether he should stay or go. We'll also get Spiderman for you if you want. Anything to oblige, that's us!

To: SMASH!,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I wasn't sure whether I liked the HULK or not when you first put him in SMASH but now it's my favourite story. I save it up until last and then read it over and over about four times.

Keith Batchelor,
Wimbourne, Dorset.

Some people have warts, but it's the HULK that grows on you, eh, Keith?

Dear Smash,

I like Smash but could you make more pages of the Rubber Man?

Raymond Thomas,
Llangustiolin.

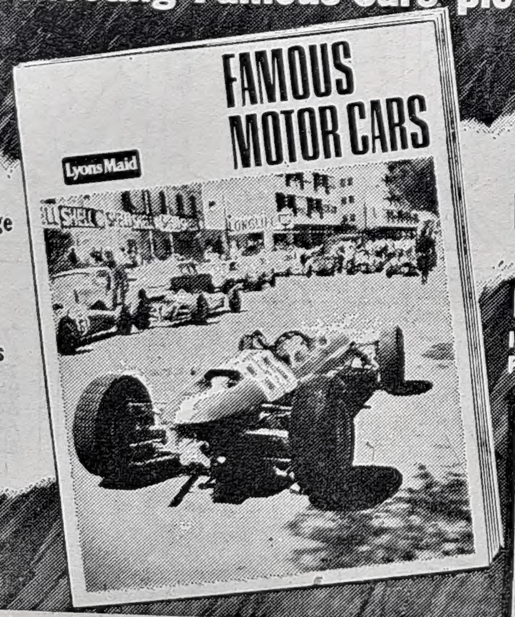
If we could stretch the pages of SMASH like the RUBBERMAN stretches himself we'd be happy to oblige, Raymond. But we'll see what we can do about giving you more RUBBERMAN.

* * *

We'd give all of you more letters, too, if we had the space, but this is all we have room for this week. Don't forget—this is *your* paper. So keep writing to tell us the way *you* want it to be!

Get this great Zoom Album

and start collecting 'Famous Cars' picture cards



Post the coupon, with a 1/- postal order, for the 14-page Zoom Picture Card Album. Be first to collect the fabulous series of full-colour picture cards of Famous Cars. There's one FREE with every Zoom iced lolly!
P.S. Look for the exciting quiz at the back of the album.

ZOOM

In 3 exciting flavours: Raspberry, Pineapple, Lime—at this sign.

Lyons Maid

To get your Zoom Album just post this coupon together with a 1/- postal order to: 'Car Album', Lyons Maid Ltd., Glacier House, Hammersmith Grove, W6

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

S.3.

GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
BANK
SECURIVAN ARMOURED VAN
WHAT'S OL' GRIMLY UP TO NOW?
BANK
HEH! HEH! I'LL CLOBBER THAT SECURITY MAN AND GRAB HIS MONEY!!
DONG!
HAR! HAR!
MY CRASH HELMET IS CLOBBER-PROOF YOU FAT FOOL!!
CRUNCH!
OW! I'M OFF HOME!
BACK AT GRIMLY'S HIDEOUT...
HEE! HEE! I SEE YOU'VE GOT AN EGG ON YOUR HEAD!
SHUT UP! I'M TRYING TO HATCH OUT A PLOT!
IDEA!
HATCH A PLOT? EGG? — THAT'S IT!! WHAT A BRAINWAVE!
LATER...
HERE'S THE ELECTRONIC HEN YOU ASKED ME TO MAKE, MISTER FEENDISH!
THANKS, PROFESSOR! JUST THE JOB!
I'M OFF TO CLOBBER THAT SECURITY GUARD AGAIN — YOU COME TO HELP CARRY THE LOOT!
B-BUT YOU SAID HIS HELMET'S CLOBBER-PROOF!
BANK
CLUCK!
SECURIVAN ARMOURED VAN
BANK
HEE HEE! HENRIETTA — MY ELECTRONIC HEN — WILL DO HER STUFF NOW!
CLUCK! CLUCK! CLUCK! CACKLE!
HEY! — WHAT'S HAPPENING?
CACKLE!
CRACK!
CRACK!
HEH! HEH! WHAT A PLAN! THAT ELECTRONIC HEN HATCHED THE GUARD'S HELMET! NOW I CAN CLOBBER HIM!
CLEVER OL' GRIMLY!
GOSH! THAT HELMET HENRIETTA HATCHED MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD EGG!
HORRIBLE PONG!
AAAGH! RUN FOR IT!
AAGH! COUGH! CHOKE! SPLUT! PAH — DIDN'T GET A MEASLY PENNY!
I'LL NEVER HATCH THIS EGG! IT'S HARD BOILED!
GHASTLY PONG!
HEH! HEH! GRIMLY DIDN'T KNOW WE HAVE BUILT-IN GAS PHIALS IN OUR NEW HELMETS! HE'LL NEVER LEARN!!

THE NERVS

NOW FOR A **MIDNIGHT FEAST!** *SLURP!*

AAH! THAT CHEESE WAS **DELICIOUS!** NOW FOR A GOOD SLEEP!

BUT DOWN IN FATTY'S STOMACH...

LOOK AT ALL THIS FOOD FATTY'S JUST EATEN!

SMELLY OLD ONIONS! ROTTEN OLD CHEESE!

INLET PIPE

GASTRIC JUICE

NIPPE

PONG!

AND US STOMACH NERVS AREN'T SUPPOSED TO WORK AT NIGHT!

FATTY CAN'T SLEEP PROPERLY AFTER EATING ALL THAT FOOD!

BAH! US NERVS CAN'T GET TO SLEEP EITHER!

FATTY'S KEEPING US AWAKE!

KICK!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! LET'S NIP UP TO THE BRAIN BOX AND PUT SOME FILMS ON!

BRAIN BOX

WE'LL SHOW SOME HORROR FILMS!

WHIRRRRR!!

HA! HA! THIS IS **GREAT!** THAT MONSTER LOOKS LIKE YOU, CECIL!.

HOW **DARE** YOU!

HOPE FATTY'S ENJOYING THE SHOW! *HEE! HEE!*

AAAARRRGH! I'M HAVING A NIGHTMARE!

FIZZZZ! *CLATTER!!*

HEE! HEE! MY MONSTER IS WALKING!

THIS IS A GREAT FILM!

THAT MONSTER IS MAKING FATTY SLEEPWALK...

GET BACK TO BED, YOU FAT FOOL! YOU'RE *RUINING THE PICTURE!*

FATTY'S GOT THE MESSAGE...

ZZZZZZZ!

JUST FOR THAT LET'S REALLY FRIGHTEN OLD FATSO!

YEAH! WITH A REALLY 'ORRIBLE FILM!

CHUG! RATTLE!

UGH! HELP!

I'M GLAD IT'S ONLY A FILM!

YOU'VE BANGED INTO THE PROJECTOR, YOU CLUMSY OAF!

FIZZ! BASH!

LOOK OUT! IT'LL BLOW UP!

BOOM!

IT'S EXPLODED!

OOER! MY HEAD DOESN'T HALF ACHE! IT FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S LET A **BOMB** OFF INSIDE IT!

OUCH! WHAT A NIGHT! WHAT A NASTY NIGHTMARE!

EATING CHEESE AND PICKLES LATE AT NIGHT ALWAYS GIVES ME BAD DREAMS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. I'D BETTER NOT DO IT AGAIN!

Here's your free

bouncing spinning zooming flying
hurtling googling whizzing.....

Wonder Ball

LOOK OUT!

Wonder Ball bounces here, there and everywhere. Wonder Ball bounces higher and faster than any ball you've ever had–and you can have one *free!* Sugar Puffs are giving away 100,000 of these amazing new balls. All the details of how to get yours are on the special packs of Sugar Puffs–in the shops now!
So have yourself a ball–free from Sugar Puffs.

Send for your free Wonder Ball today–from

Sugar Puffs

the honeyest cereal of them all

THE GHOST PATROL

THE GHOST PATROL HAS BEEN SHOT BACK TO ROMAN TIMES BY A TIME-MACHINE. ARMED WITH THEIR FANTASTIC MODERN WEAPONS, THEY JOIN A ROMAN ARMY MARCHING ON CARTHAGE. JOE — LEADER OF THE PATROL — FLIES ON AHEAD UNDER THE POWER OF HIS 'FLYING HELMET'. BUT AS HE FLIES TOWARDS AN ENEMY GALLEY...!

THE SPY APPROACHES — FIRE THE CATAPULT!

JOE HURRIEDLY DODGED TO ONE SIDE AS THE HUGE ARROW HISSED PAST...

WOW! LUCKY FOR ME I SAW THAT COMING IN TIME!

A SECOND LATER, SERGEANT JOE ZOOMED LOW OVER THE CROWDED GALLEY...

THEY CERTAINLY MEAN BUSINESS, SO THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT...

JOE SWIFTLY LEVELLED THE FLASH-GUN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER, SPRAYING THE DECK BELOW...

IF THAT DOESN'T DO THE TRICK, NOTHING WILL!

TOUCHING THE CONTROLS ON THE FLYING HELMET, THE SERGEANT LANDED GINGERLY NEAR THE STERN...

IN AN INSTANT, THE GALLEY BECAME A HEAVING HULK, LITTERED WITH PARALYSED WARRIORS...

YAAAGH...

NOW THAT'S TORN IT! WITH ALL THE CREW PUT OUT OF ACTION, HOW DO I GET THE GALLEY ASHORE?

THEN, SEEING THAT THE WIND WAS BLOWING LANDWARD, JOE THRUST THE RUDDER OVER. AS THE GALLEY HEELED ROUND, HE LOCKED IT BACK IN PLACE AGAIN...

I'LL TURN HER NOSE TOWARDS THE SHORE, AND THE WIND WILL DO THE REST!

JOE SAW THAT THE GALLEY WOULD RUN AGROUND ON ITS OWN POWER. THAT WAS ALL THAT WAS NEEDED...

I'VE STILL GOT THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE, SO IF I SPRAY THE REST OF THE FLEET IN THE SAME WAY, THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER IN A FEW MINUTES!

AND SO IT WAS! JOE SPED FROM SHIP TO SHIP, AND HIS DEADLY PARALYSER WEAPON SPRAYED DOWN EVERYONE IN SIGHT...

SOON, MORE THAN TWENTY FIVE GALLEYS WERE LUMBERING SHOREWARDS, CRAMMED WITH HELPLESS CARTHAGINIANS...

IN THE WHOLE OF HISTORY, I BET ONE MAN'S NEVER BEATEN A FLEET BEFORE!

BUT JOE WAS TOO LATE! AS HE HOVERED OVER THE ENEMY SHIP, A HAIL OF ARROWS STREAKED UP...

STRIKE HIM AGAIN, FORCE HIM INTO THE SEA!

THE STRANGER IS WOUNDED!

BUT AS HE HOVERED OVER THE TWENTY-SIXTH GALLEY AND SQUEEZED THE FLASH-GUN TRIGGER — NOTHING HAPPENED!

BY THE STARS, THIS GADGET'S EMPTY! IT MUST BE RE-CHARGED, AND I DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S DONE!

AN ARROW HAD PIERCED THE SERGEANT'S SHOULDER! AS HIS ARM WENT POWERLESS, THE AMAZING FLASH-GUN FELL FROM HIS HANDS, TOWARDS THE SEA!

WELL, THERE GOES THE MOST FANTASTIC WEAPON I'VE EVER SEEN, BUT IT'S DONE ITS JOB!

THE PHANTOM PATROL DIDN'T KNOW THAT THEIR LEADER WAS IN GRIM TROUBLE...

BADLY WOUNDED... LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS... GOT TO LAND ON ONE OF THE GALLEYS... NOT MUCH TIME!

MEANWHILE, STANDING ON THE SHORE, THE GHOST PATROL AND THE ROMANS WERE GAZING FAR OUT TO SEA, UNABLE TO BELIEVE THEIR EYES...

THE SERGEANT'S DONE IT, BOYS, HERE COME THE GALLEYS!

WITH THESE SHIPS IN OUR POWER, THE THIRD LEGION WILL BE IN ROME IN A FEW DAYS! THANKS, STRANGERS!

NEXT WEEK: ROME IS BESIEGED!

QUEEN OF THE SEAS

"QUEENIE'S" CREW HAS BEEN SENT INTO A DIZZY FAINT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SARGASSO SEA BY THE DREADFUL PONG OF THE 3000-YEAR-OLD DODO EGG THEY HAVE ON BOARD...

HISSS...

...AND ARE THEREFORE MERCIFULLY UNAWARE THAT A SCHOONER - FULL OF BIRD-EATING-PLANTS - BURPUS GIGANTICI - HAVE MISTAKEN "QUEENIE" FOR A STEAM-DRIVEN DODO!

SLURP!

BURP!

MOUTH-WATERING PONG!

THE FIRST TO REGAIN HIS BEFUZZLED WITS IS CAPTAIN ENOCH DRIP...

POOH! WHAT A PONG!

STILL MAZY!

I'D BETTER PLUG THAT EGG UP BEFORE IT... ERK! I'VE GOT A SPECK OF SOOT IN MY EYE! HELP, BERT!

I'M GOIN' BLIND! OO! OUCH! EEK!

ALL RIGHT! DON'T FLAP! LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT! MAYBE I CAN GET IT OUT WITH A CORNER OF MY HANKY!

ERK! WHAT A SHAMBLES! A HANKY'S NO USE FOR THAT LOT, MATE! IT'S A JOB FOR A HARLEY STREET EYE-SPECIALIST! (GULP!)

BERTIE THINKS THAT THAT HORRIBLE PLANT IS ENOCH'S EYE!

YAAGH! WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE THING? HELP! IT'S REPULSIVE!

CRUNCH!

RIP!

CHOMP! BURP!

BOO! HOO! HE THINKS MY EYE IS REPULSIVE! ALL THE GIRLS WILL SHUN ME - I'M GOING BLIND! I'LL NEVER SEE THE SEA AGAIN!

BAW-W!

SOB!

MEANWHILE, THEIR PASSENGER, THE REVEREND AGUSTUS CRUMP, IS EXPERIENCING A 'LIVING' NIGHTMARE IN THE CABIN...

HEAVEN FORBID! A SEAQUAKE! I MUST SAVE MY DODO EGG BEFORE IT GETS SMASHED!

CRUNCH!

GNASH! BUR-RP!

THE REASON FOR THE REV. CRUMP'S GHASTLY APPEARANCE, SHIPMATES, IS BECAUSE HE TRIED TO PROVE THAT THE BABYLONIANS EMIGRATED TO BABYLONIA FROM CLACTON-ON-SEA ON DODO EGGS 2000 YEARS BEFORE CHRIST! HE WAS PICKED UP SIXTY SUNDAYS LATER BY "QUEENIE" - HAVING PROVED THAT THEY DIDN'T!

KNOWING THAT THE ONLY WAY HE CAN GET BACK TO CLACTON IS ON HIS DODO EGG, HE GRABS IT FROM "QUEENIE'S" HOLD - AND RUSHES TOWARDS THE SCHOONER...

FOUL PONG

SLURP!

CAPTAIN! SAVE MY EGG!

CRUNCH!

VERILY, YON OTHER SHIP IS DOOMED!

LURING PONG

EGAD! THE IDIOT'S PALMED THE PONG ON US!

IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT, THE BURPUS-GIGANTICI SWITCH THEIR ATTENTIONS TO THE SCHOONER -

GAD! DON'T LOOK, ENOCH! IT'S TOO TERRIBLE!

HOW CAN I LOOK WHEN I'M BLIND? (SOB!)

CHOMP! CHOMP!

CR-RUNCH!

RRIPT

GNASH!

BUR-RP!

GOBBLE!

CRACK!

ZIP!

GET RID OF THAT SINKING FEELING WITH SMASH NEXT WEEK!